Vol. II. Numb. 68.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Wedneſday November 16th. to Friday November 18th. 1709.

N. B. ON Wedneſday next our *Quarterly Book* will be publiſh'd and carry'd with the *Weekly Paper*, which contains greater Variety of Curious Subjects than any before, in Proſe and Poetry, both Serious and Humorous, with new Words ſet to Muſick relating to our Officers returning from the Campaign, with all the Parts of Muſick inſerted, to be had no where but in the ſaid Book.

Q. Gentlemen, *We read in the 4th Chap. of* Geneſis *in the latter part of the* 14*th Ver. that after God had curſed* Cain *for the murder of* Abel *his Brother,* Cain *complaining of the greatneſs of his Puniſhment, ſays,* and it ſhall come to paſs that every one that findeth me ſhall ſlay me. *Who could* Cain *fear, when we read, at that time there was beſides himſelf none but* Adam *and* Eve, *and to be ſure he could not ſtand in fear of them, and ſo the Scriptures mention but them three at that time,* Cain, *I fear, gives ſuſpicion that there was more Men at that time. I deſire to be ſatisfy'd in this.*

A. We formerly anſwer'd a Queſtion not unlike to this. But ſince we replied, that the Foundation of *Cain*'s City (of which we then Treated) might be refer'd to a Later Seaſon, we ſhall give a Particular Anſwer to the Preſent Queſtion.

And here it is proper to Premiſe, what upon other occaſions we have taken notice of, namely, that *Moſes* is very Conciſe in moſt of his Hiſtorical Accounts in the Book of *Geneſis*, and purpoſely omits all ſuch Occurrences, as are not ſubſervient to the Deſign, which he propoſes to himſelf. And this (were it Neceſſary) might be prov'd by a large Induction of Particulars.

From the Premiſes it follows, that we cannot ſay, that at that time there were but four Perſons in the World, tho' Moſes think fit to take notice of no more. For bare Silence in any Hiſtorian (eſpecially in one ſo remarkably Conciſe as *Moſes*) cannot be thought ſufficient to authorize a Negative.

Since therefore *Moſes* acquaints us not, at what time *Cain* became a Fratricide, we know not, how numerous Mankind might have been at that time, all Deſcendants of *Adam* (excluſive of the Chimerical Notion of Preadamites) inaſmuch as there was ſo Quick and Wonderful an Encreaſe in the firſt Age of the World, when God may be reaſonably ſuppos'd to have given that Bleſſing to *Adam* and his Children, which after the Deluge, when Mankind was reduc'd to ſo ſmall a number, he vouchſaf'd to give to *Noah* and His Children; *Encreaſe and Multiply.* And ſo far were the Eaſtern People from drawing the Queriſt's Conſequence from *Moſes*'s Silence, that *Patricides* (Patriarch of *Alexandria* in *Egypt*) pretends to ſay (tho' in this he carries the matter too far) that *Cain* and *Abel* had each of them a Twin-Siſter, whoſe Names were *Awin* and *Aſron.*

Q. *What Country is that call'd* Negroland?

A. Negroland, or the Land of the *Negroes*, is a large Country in *Africa*, containing 13 Provinces according to ſome, and 14 according to others. They, who count but 13 Provinces, leave out the Kingdom of *Zenega* (a Sea-Province) becauſe, tho' govern'd by it's own King, it is Tributary to the *Jalofes*. *Niger* (a noted River, and the Principal of the Country) divides *Negroland* into two parts, Northern and Southern. This Country contains about 2400 Miles in length from *Cape Verde* (the Chief Mountain of the whole) to the Eaſtern Parts of the Province of *Zamfara*; and about 902 Miles in Breadth from the Northern Parts of the Kingdom of *Galata* to the Southern Parts of the Province of *Melli*. But it's Mede Length contains but 2280 Miles, and it's Mede Breadth but 600 Miles. For in ſome places it is but 400 Miles Broad. It lies between the 3d and the 44th and 20 Min. of Long. and between the 8th and 25th Min. and the 23d and 30th Min. of Lat. It comprehends a part of the Ancient *Libya* Interior, whoſe Modern Name is *Nigritia*, or the Land of the *Blacks*. This Country was moſtly Unknown to the Ancients, whence it is, that ſo little of it was taken notice of till the Reign of *Joſeph*, Emperor of *Morocco*, who ſubdued it. But tho' it was again ſubdued by the Inhabitants of *Lybia Deſerta*, yet it continued not long in Subjection, e'er it ſtruggled with Succeſs for it's Priſtine Liberty. It is therefore now govern'd by ſeveral Kings of it's own, to the Principal of which the Generality of the reſt are Tributary.

The Air of this Country is of ſuch general Repute for it's Salutary Influence, that it is, as it

were, an Hoſpital for the Sick of all the Countries round it, to which (if they return not too ſoon) they very ſucceſsfully repair.

Q. Gentlemen, *An Acquaintance of mine always ſleeps with his Eyes open, and yet the Senſe of Seeing's loſt at that time. Pray the reaſon of it. Your Subſcriber and Humble Servant,* J. S.

A. To underſtand how a Man with his Eyes open may yet be depriv'd of the Senſe of Seeing, we muſt conſider that to occaſion in us any Senſation, it is not enough the Object ſhould have a free acceſs to the Organ, but it is required beſides, that it ſhould make ſuch an Impreſſion upon it's Nervous Fibres as may be communicated to a certain part of the Brain, without which Communication no Perception ariſeth in the Soul; but in Sleep, and eſpecially in a pretty deep one, all the Nerves of our Body, and eſpecially thoſe of our outward Senſes are ſo relax'd that no ordinary Impreſſion made upon them can be tranſmitted to the Brain. Wherefore, tho' the Light may have a free Paſſage into the Eyes of one ſleeping with them open, yet by reaſon of the great relaxation of the Optick Nerves, the Motion it produceth in them does not reach the Brain, and conſequently no Senſation of Sight is occaſioned by it.

Q. Learned Apollo, *Reading over ſome of your Papers, in the Concluſion of one of them, I found a Mathematical Queſtion very Learnedly Anſwer'd, I was thereby emboldened to offer one.*

What two Numbers are thoſe, that when multiply'd together produce .041, but when added together become 55? Your Humble Servant, D. M.

A. Let the Product be ſubducted from the Square of half the Sum, and the Root of the Remainder added to ½ of the Sum, the Aggregate will be the Number.

Q. Moſt Ingenious Gentlemen, *A certain Perſon having laid a Wager with me, which we humbly leave to your Solution. He affirms that the Play call'd* The True and Ancient Hiſtory of King Lear and his 3 Daughters *was written by Mr.* Shakſpear, *and afterwards Reviſed by Mr.* Tate. *Pray be pleas'd to inform us, who this Play was written by, and you will very much oblige Your Admirer and Subſcriber,* &c.

A. You muſt be contented to loſe your Wager, for your Antagoniſt is right in both the Author and Reviſer of that Play.

Q. *Whether* Love *neceſſarily carrieth with it Deſires and Hopes?*

A. Deſires Midwife it into the World, and Hopes are the Food on which it ſubſiſts, it wou'd be abortive without the firſt, and be ſtarv'd without the laſt.

Q. Apollo, *When I read* Numb. 65. *of a Lady that Loves you it gave me a demonſtrable Trouble, I cannot bear a Rival, who has ſuch Advantageous Allurements and would rob us of the moſt Valuable Jewel. I have no Charms to keep you, but e'er I'll ſee you Loſt in that Giddy Maze, I'll Eccho to the Spheres, and addreſs their Shrines to keep you fix'd till Time ſhakes the Lower World to Atoms. She would Engroſs you all, I only ſeek your Friendſhip. Ah! quickly ſpeak ſome tender thing, or I am Loſt, for* Melpomene's *Voice and Lyre have no more Power to Charm. Your Admiring* Eccho.

A. Madam *Eccho* be aſſur'd that *Apollo* is Yours in a moſt particular manner. Your Reſolution of being inviſible carries a wondrous Force with it, for Inviſibility has ten thouſand Charms, which often ceaſe on Viſion. Now he has liberty to form all the fine Ideas to himſelf that ever Love inſpir'd, therefore wiſhes he may never be wak'd out of the Delightful Dream.

Q. Apollo, *Once I thought my ſelf a Man, and cou'd ſpeak tollerable Senſe, but now am become the ſeateſt, odd, whimſical- out-of-the-way Creature, that I cannot think but I am metamorphos'd into ſome ſtrange Chimerical Form. I ſaunter Mopiſhly about, like a great Dunce, that knows not how to begin his Exerciſe; go pouting and whining like a young Wench that has loſt her Market-Money. When I read a Syſtem of Philoſophy, Darts, Shrines, Altars,* &c. *mix with all the Terms, and repreſent it an unintelligible Chaos. If I am diſcourſing with the learned on ſome Mathematical Demonſtration, I am preſently upon proving by the ſame Rules there is an* Elizium, *where the Souls of Departed Lovers enjoy each other in Mirtle Groves, by purling Streams, fan'd by gentle Breezes. If I hear of a Victory obtain'd by the Duke of* Marlborough, *I cannot help pitying him, to think how poor and deſpicable it looks comparatively to a Conqueſt over* Sylvia's *Heart, and can as little avoid believing the Gods wou'd envy my Felicity. If She ſmiles on me (tho' between you and I perhaps She then only laughs at my Follies) I am all Rapture, and form to my ſelf Ideas of Delights Incompatible to the utmoſt extent of Reaſon, but am certain to Taſte, tho' I cannot the leaſt gueſs what I ſhall Taſte of. I unaccountably waſte all my Time, neglect my Concerns, grow the Jeſt of the Wits, and the Scorn of Fools, and all on account of that Phantaſtical Paſſion,* Love. *Now, dear, kind, ſweet* Apollo, *inſtruct me how to throw off the Monſter and become a Man again, and you will for ever bind to your Service your Faithful Votary* Theander.

A. Your Caſe, *Theander*, is very deſperate, ſince nothing is more difficult than to Influence a prepoſſeſs'd *Imagination*, for in that your Malady lies, and if you hope for Cure you muſt uſe a Violence to it, by forming Ideas to your ſelf in Reverſe to all you have yet done. Inſtead of repreſenting your Miſtreſs to your Fancy, in all the Ornaments Art can add to Nature, Imagin her (as an Author has it) ſtruting along in only her Stays and Under-Petticoat; inſtead of conceiving the Muſick of the Spheres in her Tongue, Fancy it (as you may find it) pratling a thouſand Impertinencies may make you bluſh to hear it. Suppoſe her Face, which now ſhews a Cherubin, three Months hence all ſcam'd with the Small-Pox, and ſo transform'd as to vaniſh from the Memory of all who knew her. And when you propoſe to your *Imagination* an Eternity of Bliſs in her Arms, and by conſequence as Endleſs Miſery if She rejects your Offerings, conſider *Damon* yonder, he imagin'd the ſame of *Cloris* but ſix Months ſince, and ſee how coldly he expreſſes himſelf to her; and tho' they live together, he has ſcarce ſeen her Face theſe three Weeks. And there is *Strephon* too, has the Character of an Excellent Husband, for barely being Civil to *Dorinda*, after he had vow'd everlaſting Adorations. Thus if by degrees you can introduce *Reaſon* for your Ally, you will baffle all the Attempts of that Tyrant *Love*, and reſtore your ſelf to your former Tranquility.

POEMS.

Q. *YE Happy Swains of Heliconian Woods,*
Apollo's Offspring, Joy of all the Gods,
Grant your ſincere Admirer one Requeſt,
Whom, if you deign the favor will be doubly bleſs'd.
Will there in Heav'n no diſtinction be,
Betwixt my little Groveling Soul and he,
Whoſe lofty Genius all Mankind Admire,
And wonder whence the Man receiv'd his Godlike Fire?

A. Your Soul and His and ev'ry Soul on Earth,
Have equally the ſame Intrinſick Worth;

If

If his more Bright appears, what this procures,
His Conſtitution Is more fine than yours;
Or's well diſpoſed Organs don't controul,
The Freer Emanations of his Soul:
But you in Heav'n will be as *Great* as He,
If you, whilſt here on Earth, as *Good* will be.

Q. Apollo, *an Anſwer*
I pray you advance, Sir,
To a Query not wondrous nice,
I conclude that your Brains,
Tho' you take no great Pains,
An Anſwer can give in a Trice.

Why ſo often 'tis ſaid,
And a Proverb is made,
That while a Man's heart is aching,
He B——h all the time
(To make it a Ryme)
Is ſaid to be Button-making.

Now, that we are in,
Upon the B——h Pin,
I think we'll go thorough Stitch,
Since there happens another,
Much like to the other,
(Juſt like an Old Woman's B——h
For ever Uncertain)
It may be for F——ng,
But that I ſhall leave to you,
With this my Concluſion,
Pray give the Solution,
To both of them Juſt and True.
Yours, J. C.

A. The Fibres Expulſive,
By Fear made Convulſive,
We mean thoſe the Stomach attend,
Do briskly contract,
And 'ith Fury tranſact,
Thoſe Buttons down at t'other end.

The *Flatus* is common,
Amongſt Ancient Women,
And Wind no Compreſſion will bear,
But above or below,
Will force it's way thro',
To range more at large in the Air.

Q. *This comes from a Club of Jocular Boys,*
Whoſe delight is in drinking, in roaring, and Noiſe,
Which each night with a joint approbation they follow,
Yet are hearty Well-wiſhers to's Godſhip Apollo,
And his Health ne'er omit with a Bumper & hollow;
They therefore expect you'll be Civil and Kind,
And give your Opinion concerning of Wine,
Of Punch truly made, and of all that's Nut-brown,
Of Beer that is Ancient, Strong, hearty, and Sound,
Which you think is moſt wholeſome, and beſt for your (Friends,
Who by being Subſcribers have made you amends.

A. Ye Jolly, Gay Lads, who in full flowing Bowls,
Your Bodies Regale, and Inſpirit your Souls,
We thus ſhall Inform you, that Dull Foggy *Ale*,
With a thouſand Groſs Humors will quickly Aſſail.
Old *Beer* brings the Heart-burn, and Vapors, and (Fumes,
And fills all the Body with Flatus and Rheums;
The *Wines* with ſuch various Ingredients they Brew,
The Sophiſticated none know from the True.
The whole Maſs of Blood they will Poyſon, and fill
With ſuch ſure Diſtempers as ne'er fail to kill.
But *Punch* made with Brandy, the beſt of the kind,
Choice Lemons and Sugar is double refin'd,
With the cold Nymph allay'd, that it may not In- (flame;
For the moſt Inoffenſive will challenge the Fame;
Yet if you exceed, altho' that be the beſt,
It will ſtrike as fatally as all the Reſt,
Let Moderate Bowls at each Club then ſuffice,
And that is the way to be *Merry and Wiſe*.

Q. *When I behold* Clarinda's *Smiles,*
My Soul in vain for freedom toils,
Till Fair Emilia's *Eyes,*
With brighter Luſtre, ſtronger Charms,
Inſpire with Love, *which ſo alarms,*
They bear away the Prize.

But e'er She's ſettled in her Throne,
Reſolv'd to Tyrannize alone,
Cloris *Attacks prepares,*
And ſnatches me from her by Force,
Be'ng aided by an endleſs ſource
Of Bright engaging Airs.

Yet e'er She fully is poſſeſs'd,
Of all th' Avenues of my Breaſt,
Aminda's *Wit prevails;*
Then they and more go round again,
And vex me with Eternal Pain,
Which my poor Heart Aſſails.

Now, ſay, which is the wiſeſt way,
To keep to one and never ſtray,
Or not my ſelf inthrall,
To either, or if beſt it is,
To taſte variety of Bliſs,
And ſtill make Love to all.

Q. Variety will never pleaſe,
Since that more Torment gives than Eaſe,
And no relief obtains;
No Hero in fierce Wars delights,
When all he gets by all his Fights,
Is Labor for his Pains.

And if we ſhou'd adviſe, to one
You make your Courtſhip to alone,
You're ſuch a Fickle Creature,
Which neither Truth nor Faith can boaſt,
Our beſt Advice wou'd all be loſt,
'Cauſe 'tis not in your Nature.

We

We think it therefore beſt, if you
To all the Sex wou'd bid adieu,
And think of them no more;
Your Reſt you may regain from thence,
And rid *Them* of Impertinence,
So *Eaſe* to both reſtore.

In laſt Paper, Col. 5. l. 47. for *in our Minds*, r. *about our Minds*. l. 52. for *yeildings*, r. *yeilding*. Some of the laſt were number'd 97, whereas it ſhou'd have been 67.

SIR,

THERE being no Foreign Mails come yet, we ſhall only inform you that, Kinſale, Nov. 6. About 10 Days ago, Her Majeſty's Ship the Glouceſter, of 60 Guns, and 346 Men, Capt. Balchion Commander, fell in with a Squadron of 7 French Men of War, in the Latitude of 50, commanded by Monſ. Du Guay The Glouceſter fought Du Guay's Ship of 64 Guns for 2 Hours; but 3 other French Men attacking him, he was overpower'd, and forc'd to ſtrike, after having had ſeveral Men kill'd, and much damag'd in his Rigging, *&c.* The next day, the ſaid Squadron took a Man of War of 32 Guns, and 135 Men, and 4 Merchant Ships, under her Convoy from Barbadoes. Two Days ago, Capt. Balchion, and 150 of his Men, were put aſhoar at Crookhaven; and laſt Night, the ſaid Captain came to this Place. We have no Account of the Shoram nor Speedwell Men of War ſince the Firſt Inſtant. 'Tis a ſign the French wanted Proviſions, otherwiſe they would not put our Men on ſhoar.

London, Nov. 18. The Kings of Pruſſia, Denmark, and Poland, are reſolv'd not to withdraw their Troops that are in the Service of the Confederates.

By the next Holland Mails, it's expected we ſhall hear of the Return of Monſieur Pettecum from Paris, and then we ſhall know whether or no the Duke of Marborough will go back to the Hague.

On Tueſday laſt, Her Majeſty went to the Houſe of Lords, and made a moſt gracious Speech to both Houſes of Parliament; which being already Printed, we refer you to the ſame. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

All are deſired to direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for Indexes to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, for we ſhall not take notice of ſuch Queſtions again as have been anſwer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2 *s.* *per* Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d*, with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd but where the Poſtage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2 *s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF Mr. TURNER, *who ſet all the Muſick for the* BRITISH APOLLO.

AT Stationer's-Hall on Tueſday the 29th of this Inſtant November, will be perform'd an *EXTRAORDINARY CONSORT OF MUSICK*, conſiſting of Songs for one, two and three Voices (particularly thoſe ſet for the *BRITISH APOLLO*) beſides ſeveral full Pieces of Muſick for Trumpets, Hautboys, *&c.* The Tickets may be had at Mr. Walſh's Her Majeſties Servant in Katherine-ſtreet againſt Somerſet-houſe, at 2 *s.* 6 *d.* apiece. Note, whereas there was ſome time ſince mention made of a Conſort in the *BRITISH APOLLO*, the Authors thereof are not the leaſt concern'd in this, which is wholly at the Charge of the ſaid Mr. *Turner*.

WHereas I *Sawell Latham*, Daughter of *Arnold Latham*, of the Pariſh of St. *Duſtans in the Weſt*, in the Liberty of the Rolls, in the County of *Middleſex*, having for many Years been troubled with a Diſtemper in my Eyes, which oblig'd me to make my Application to ſeveral that profeſſed themſelves Oculiſts, which I did for many Years without any ſucceſs, notwithſtanding which I had almoſt loſt the Sight of one of my Eyes, 'till hearing of the many Cures perform'd by Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST. I made my Application to him, who according to his Promiſe, in a little Time, and for a ſmall Charge, removed the Cauſe, and reſtored me to Sight. To the Truth of which I am ready to make Oath. Witneſs my Hand, *Sawell Latham*. Wineſſes, *Corn Cox*, *Robert Winkfield*.

TEAS Bought at the Laſt Sale. Bohee from 12 to 24 *s.* All Sorts of Green, the Loweſt at 12 *s.* The Right Spirit of Bohee 2 *s.* a Bottle. Turkey Coffee 6 *s.* 2 *d.* with allowance to them that buy quantities. Chocolate with Sugar 2 *s.* and 2 *d.* All Nut 3 *s.* 6 *d.* Brazil Snuff 48 *s.* and 3 *s.* 6 *d.* oz. Portugal 18 *s.* and 1 *s.* 4 *d.* oz. The Beſt Amazona, Barcelona and Port St. Lucar. Sold by Wholeſale, at the Star in Bedford-Court near Covent-Garden.

THE 2d Edition of Mr. *Hill's* Hiſtory of the Ottoman Empire in all it's Branches, with the Government, Policy, Religion Cuſtoms and way of Living of the Turks in general, Illuſtrated with ſeveral Copper Cuts on each Material Head, with a New Preface, and ſeveral Copies of Verſes in Praiſe of the Book, written by ſome of the moſt Ingenious Men of the Age, Printed in the ſame Letter and on as good *Paper* as the 1ſt Edition, will be *Publiſh'd* the firſt of December next. The *Printer* thereof having the *Propriety* of this Edition, and the Charges of which being leſſen'd by the Cuts being already Ingrav'd, all Gentlemen and *Bookſellers* therefore may have them at a more moderate *Price*, *Bound* or Unbound, of J. Mayo, over againſt Water-lane End in Fleet-ſtreet.

AT the Hand and Pen in Barbican, are Taught Writing in all Hands, Merchant's-Accompts, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Meaſuring, Surveying, Gauging, Mechanics, Fortification, Gunnery, Navigation, Dialing, and other parts of the Mathematics; alſo the uſe of the Globes and Maps, after a Natural, Eaſy and Conciſe Method, without burthen to the Memory. By Robert Arnold.

THE moſt immediate Cure for the Tooth-ach known, which not only inſtantly eaſes but prevent it's return, by only ſnuffing a few Drops up the Noſtrils; it's Effects are ſo certain, and the Eaſe it gives ſo quick and ſtupendious that every one will admire at it, it being impoſſible for any thing in the world to cure ſooner, and is the beſt Remedy to prevent and cure defluxions of Rheum which falls upon the Teeth and Gums, fretting and rotting them, as what is generally call'd the Scurvy in the Gums. Is ſold at Mr. *Spooners* at the *Golden Half-Moon* in *Lemon-Street Goodman's Fields*, Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.* a Bottle with Directions, being enough to Cure 50 People.

ANY Perſon that has an Eſtate of Freehold Land, about 300 *l. per Annum*, near the City of York, if he will publiſh it in the Poſt-Man or in this Paper, where he will be treated with about it, either in London or in the City of York, he may meet with a Purchaſer.

LEFT in a Hackney-Coach, which took a Gentleman up at Soho and ſet him down at the Temple, a Bundle of Writings, containing Leaſes of ſeveral Farms, of no uſe to any but the Owner, if the Coachman or any other Perſon will bring them to Mr. Jackſon in Queen-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, he ſhall have a Guinea Reward.

LOST about the Cockpit near St. James's Park, a ſmall Spaniel Bitch, She has a ſhort Head, long Liver-color'd Ears, ſeveral Spots of the ſame Color about her Body, and motled about her Noſe and Legs. If the Perſon who found it will bring it to Mr. Naſh, next the Blue Poſts in St. Martin's lane ſhall have a Crown reward.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.